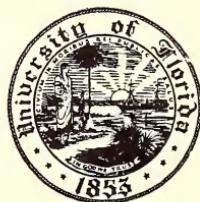




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ILLUSTRATION BY SAMUEL WILLIAMS  
FOR "HENKERWYSEL'S CHALLENGE"

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

# *Fan Van Hunk,*

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

BY JOHN ROBERT WAHL

*M*EW *Y*ORK

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

1952



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*C. S.*

TO SARAH DICKSON WITH  
ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE



## *f*oreword

When the notebook containing a manuscript of “Jan Van Hunks” by Dante Gabriel Rossetti was acquired for the Arents Tobacco Collection there was no thought of printing the poem. The fact that a major nineteenth-century poet should have worked on a ballad of smoking at the beginning and at the end of his writing career, as explained in a note written by his brother, W. M. Rossetti, on the manuscript, made it imperative that this draft of “The Dutchman’s Pipe,” as he called it, should be in this library on tobacco. Besides being long and important, the poem has great interest, as providing proof of its author’s versatility, for, as William Rossetti observed truly in writing of it elsewhere, “The Dutchman’s Pipe” does not sound very much “like the title of a Rossettian poem.”

After we had examined the manuscript, and had made some study of the background of the poem, Mr. Arents and I became convinced that it should

be edited and issued as the third publication of the Arents Tobacco Collection. The work has never been included in any edition of Rossetti's poetry; the periodical printing and the two separate private issues were taken from the fair copy now in the British Museum. The Arents manuscript has earlier readings of the text, which show the changes made by the author in the process of composition. Aside from William Rossetti's statement that his brother had taken his subject, a wager that Van Hunks could outsmoke the devil, from "a periodical named *Tales of Chivalry*," read in boyhood, no information has been available as to the source of the poem. On the other hand, the author of a book on South Africa printed a prose version, as if it were a folk tale of the Cape. It was clear that research should be done on the actual origin of the story, a collation of the existing manuscripts should be made, and a critical edition of the poem issued.

It was shortly after this decision had been reached that Mr. John Robert Wahl visited the Arents Tobacco Collection. He explained that he was here from Cape Town on a Commonwealth Fellowship to further his research on Dante Gabriel Rossetti; he wished to see our manuscript of "Jan Van Hunks." After hearing about his previous experience we

knew that we had found the editor for our publication. Mr. Wahl began his studies on Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite movement at the University of Cape Town; he continued them as a Rhodes Scholar in England. He helped to organize the Birmingham exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite art in 1947 and was one of the editors of the catalogue. During the following year he lectured on the movement in the Oxford Examination Schools. At present, he is engaged, with Professor Oswald Doughty, on a complete edition of the letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. All readers of this book will agree that he has succeeded admirably in editing "Jan Van Hunks."

SARAH DICKSON

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editor wishes to thank Macmillan and Company, Limited, on behalf of Mrs. Dora Rossetti for granting full permission to publish the final version of "Jan Van Hunks." He is grateful to the authorities of the British Museum and the Library of Duke University for allowing him to use their manuscripts of the poem. He would also like to place on record his appreciation of the patience, skill and forbearance with which Mrs. William E. W. Gemmell typed a very difficult manuscript. The dedication of this book is a partial expression of yet another debt of gratitude, which is perhaps the deepest of all.

## **C**ontents

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*Jan Van Gunk*



## Introduction

The qualities which the word “Pre-Raphaelite” suggests to the common reader of today bear little relation either to the personalities of the leading English Pre-Raphaelites or to their finest achievements in art or poetry. William Morris is thought of as a casual dye-stained weaver of tapestries in verse; the stark magnificence of *Sigurd* is forgotten. The dolorous greens of Burne-Jones’s later stained glass windows are allowed to drown out the memory of the extraordinary dramatic intensity of his early drawings and water-colours. The student of English painting remembers the sure and brilliant draughtsmanship of Millais’ early oils; the general public thinks of him—when it thinks of him at all—as the painter of *Bubbles*.

No member of the Pre-Raphaelite circle has suffered more through this simplifying, distorting process of the popular imagination than Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It is therefore a particular pleasure to

be able to make available for the first time an accurate text of a poem of his which is both one of the best in English on the subject of tobacco, the central interest of the Arents Collection, and at the same time thoroughly representative of an important, if usually forgotten, aspect of Rossetti's personality.

Those of his contemporaries who knew Rossetti best saw in him not the languorous, drug-ridden hypochondriac of malicious legend, but a jovial and good-humoured, if slightly ironic, friend. His gaiety did much to enliven the early meetings of the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and to earn the episode of the painting of the frescoes in the Oxford Union its nickname, "the Jovial Campaign." Neither the tragic death of his wife nor the illnesses of his later years destroyed this quality in Rossetti, as the forthcoming publication of his collected letters will show. At times, as in our poem, this humour can become somewhat grim, but, as an earlier writer on "Jan Van Hunks" has remarked, it saves the poem from the facetiousness which mars so many Victorian attempts at "comic balladry."<sup>1</sup>

There is, however, one aspect of the Rossetti

1. Times Literary Supplement, December 5, 1929.

legend which is not exaggerated. The vicissitudes many of his most interesting poems underwent before publication were extraordinary, and “Jan Van Hunks” is no exception. The “public history” of the poem begins with the following passage in the Introduction to the first collected edition of his Works, published in 1886 by his brother, William Michael Rossetti:

There are two poems by my brother, unpublished as yet, which I am unable to include among his Collected Works. One of these is a grotesque ballad about a Dutchman, begun at a very early date, and finished in his last illness. The other is a brace of sonnets. . . . These works were presented as a gift of love and gratitude to a friend, with whom it remains to publish them at his own discretion.<sup>2</sup>

In his critical work on his brother published three years later he mentions the poem as “The Dutchman’s Pipe”:

The fact is however that at a very early period—perhaps in 1847, or when he was about nineteen years of age—my brother wrote the great ma-

2. W. M. Rossetti, ed., *The Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (London, 1886)*, I, p. xxxiii.

jority of a ballad, of a grotesque character not unmixed with horror, about a smoking Dutchman and the devil, founded upon a prose story which he and I had read some years before in a periodical named *Tales of Chivalry*; and in his last illness he recurred to and completed this ballad.<sup>3</sup>

The first writer other than Rossetti to give the public an account, even if a somewhat garbled one, of this “ballad about a Dutchman” was Hall Caine’s sister, Lily, who had been Rossetti’s guest at Birchington-on-Sea during the period of his final illness. In an article, “A Child’s Recollections of Rossetti,” she describes the daily routine of his life at Birchington in some detail and continues, “he aroused intense amusement among us by reciting a comic poem which he wrote while at Birchington. It was, I think, called ‘Jan Van Hulks,’ and was something about a man smoking against the devil for a wager. . . . Mr. Rossetti enjoyed writing this immensely, and laughed with us as he read it bit by bit every night.”<sup>4</sup>

3. *W. M. Rossetti*, Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer (London, 1889), p. 175.

4. *Lily Hall Caine*, “A Child’s Recollections of Rossetti,” New Review, XI (1894), p. 253.

In his Memoir of his brother, which appeared in 1895, William Rossetti quoted this article with approval, remarking that "I have always considered that his taking up on his deathbed that extremely grim and uncanny though partly bantering theme . . . furnished a strong attestation of the resolute spirit in which my brother contemplated his own end, rapidly approaching and (by himself still more than by any others) clearly foreseen."<sup>5</sup> In another paragraph the friend to whom Rossetti had given the manuscript of the poem was for the first time identified as his legal adviser Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Despite William Rossetti's obvious desire that "Jan Van Hunks" should be published, Watts-Dunton did not do so until January 1909, when it appeared in the second issue of the *English Review*, together with a long article, "Rossettiana: a Glimpse of Rossetti and Morris at Kelmscott," in which he explained how Rossetti had come to give the manuscript to him. Shortly after the beginning of their friendship, Rossetti, wishing, Watts-Dunton explains, "to do me good by associating my name with his own," suggested that the two of them should bring out a joint book, a miscellany

5. W. M. Rossetti, ed., Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters, with a Memoir (*London, 1895*), I, p. 392.

of prose and verse. "As was the way with him, the more objections I raised the more determined he was that the thing should be done." It was finally agreed that Rossetti's main contributions were to be "Jan Van Hunks" and a long ballad on a theme suggested to him by Watts-Dunton, "Michael Scott's Wooing."

Rossetti's elaborate prose "cartoon" for this latter poem is included in his Collected Works. The story was one which had been told Watts-Dunton by a Welsh gipsy girl as a "quite true fack" and it was a considerable disappointment to Rossetti to find that James Hogg had based his "Mary Burnet" on another version of the same story. "His mind was full of a long ballad on the subject, which ballad he felt that he was prevented from writing." The upshot was that by the end of the seventies, some six or more years after the date of his first suggesting a joint book, Rossetti had nothing to show towards it except the still unfinished "Jan Van Hunks," while Watts-Dunton's share was complete.

The scene now shifts to Birchington and the final months of Rossetti's life. The following passage from Watts-Dunton's article is perhaps worth quoting at length:

One day, during this time, Rossetti said to me; “I have never abandoned the project of the joint book. I intend that the book shall come out, and I am now finishing the comic poem that I partly wrote years ago.”

“Jan Van Hunks?” I said.

“Yes.”

As the idea interested him intensely, I encouraged it in order to keep up his spirits, and it did so wonderfully. Leyland used to say that it kept him alive for days. . . . very soon the poem was all written out in his beautiful handwriting from the first line to the last. It is not for me to criticise this poem. Need I say that whatsoever its merits and whatsoever its defects, it is one of my most treasured possessions?<sup>6</sup>

“Most treasured possession” or not, Watts-Dunton’s carelessness as an editor was little short of scandalous. There are more than fifty errors of transcription in the version of the poem he allowed to appear in the *English Review*, despite the fact that the manuscript from which he was working was an admirably clear and legible fair copy. Be-

6. Theodore Watts-Dunton, “Rossettiana: a Glimpse of Rossetti and Morris at Kelmscott,” *English Review*, I (1908–9), p. 332.

fore 1909 was out, he had sold it to Thomas J. Wise, apparently retaining the copyright, since the privately printed edition "of thirty copies" Wise published in 1912 is described as printed "For T. Watts-Dunton."

The story of the poem does not end with this Wise printing. In 1914, at the sale of Watts-Dunton's estate, Mackenzie Bell, the biographer of Christina Rossetti, bought a copy of Wise's pamphlet, with the copyright of the poem thrown in, for five guineas. Biding his time for fifteen years, he waited until the centenary of Rossetti's birth in 1928 had markedly revived interest in his work, and then, in the following year, reprinted "Jan Van Hunks" with the announcement that it was a "hitherto unpublished" poem.

The claim stirred Wise to fury. In an indignant letter to the *Times Literary Supplement*<sup>7</sup> he drew attention to the fact that the poem had been published twice before, and referred scathingly to the fact that neither Mackenzie Bell nor his publishers had sought permission to consult Rossetti's final manuscript version before issuing their reprint. A fact which seems hitherto to have escaped notice is that Wise himself had failed to use this manu-

7. December 12, 1929.

script in his own collection when he reprinted the poem for Watts-Dunton in 1912. All the errors of the *English Review* version of the poem reappear in Wise's printing of it.

In the course of his letter Wise remarked, "The original draft of *Jan Van Hunks* . . . is still extant, though, unfortunately, not quite complete, and is held in good hands." That W. Marchbank, who wrote to the *Times Literary Supplement* on February 27, 1930, to confirm that this draft existed and was in his collection, did not contradict the statement that his manuscript was incomplete is an extraordinary example of Wise's power to overawe. This manuscript is now in the Arents Collection, and, although the order of the stanzas differs from that of the final version of the poem, none is missing.

In 1931 Professor Paull F. Baum, in his *Analytical List* of the Rossetti manuscripts in Duke University Library, revealed the existence of a further group of *Jan Van Hunks* manuscripts, "nine leaves containing the greater part of the ballad, in two (or three) different states."<sup>8</sup> The first leaf,<sup>9</sup> Pro-

8. *Paull F. Baum, ed., Dante Gabriel Rossetti: an Analytical List of Manuscripts in the Duke University Library (Durham, N.C., 1931)*, p. 17.

9. *v. infra*, p. 33.

fessor Baum remarks, "appears to be a very early draft, if not the earliest." To the present editor at least, it appears clear beyond any possible doubt, on the evidence of style and handwriting alike, that this leaf is part—perhaps all that was ever written—of the very first draft of the poem, that which William Rossetti describes as begun "perhaps in 1846 rather than in 1847."<sup>10</sup>

At some very much later date, perhaps, on the evidence of the handwriting, in the early seventies shortly before he first broached the idea of a joint volume to Watts-Dunton, Rossetti took up this manuscript again, changed the title of the poem from "The Dutchman's Wager" to "Jan Van Hunks," made one or two minor alterations in the text, and, under the heading "For the End," jotted down a first draft of two concluding stanzas.

The next stage in the development of the text is represented by the Arents Manuscript, the roughly scribbled notebook in which Rossetti jotted down in pencil the whole of the poem as he lay on his deathbed at Birchington. Of all the various "Jan Van Hunks" manuscripts this is the most interesting, since in it, it is possible to watch the poet's mind at

10. *W. M. Rossetti*, ed., Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters, with a Memoir (*London, 1895*), I, p. 108.

work and in the process of composing. If one considers the circumstances under which Rossetti was writing, it is remarkable how often a vague or commonplace phrase or image is noticed and re-written, it would appear, almost immediately, to become precise and exactly appropriate to the dramatic context of the poem. Here is stanza 27<sup>11</sup> as first written:

Gossip well said, the old man cried  
And mark how the words come true  
The smoke soared swiftly above his head  
In snakes of curling blue  
And ever at heart of the inmost coil  
Two fiery eyes shone through.

Here is the same stanza as revised:

Gossip well said, the old man shrieked  
And mark how the words come true  
The smoke soared swiftly around his head  
In snakes of knotted blue  
And ever at heart of the inmost coil  
Two fiery eyes shot through.

11. *In none of the manuscript or printed versions of the poem are the stanzas numbered; because of their dislocated order in the Arents manuscript, it has seemed practical to do so for purposes of reference.*

Considered singly, the changes may appear unimportant. Taken together, they transform the stanza, so that, in its new form, it calls to mind the brilliantly successful use of clearly seen, emotionally significant detail in Rossetti's finest and most truly "Pre-Raphaelite" drawings.

The order of the stanzas in the Arents manuscript differs from that in the final version in that the notebook begins in the middle of the poem with stanza 19, goes on to the end, and then appends the first eighteen stanzas. Why Rossetti should have chosen to take up the poem again at this point is a mystery. It may be that his vivid visual imagination was struck by the contrast between the warm brightly lit room in which Van Hunks was entertaining his guests, and the shivering figures without. It is equally possible that there was in existence and available to him a second leaf of his original draft of the poem, containing the conclusion of stanza 8 and a first draft of stanzas 9 to 18. The fact that the one leaf we have of the original draft of the poem breaks off suddenly after the second line of stanza 8 would make it seem more than probable that the original draft was substantially longer than the extant fragment, even if we did not have

William Rossetti's explicit statement that the ballad was "nearly completed" in 1846.<sup>12</sup>

Rossetti's fair copy of the first portion of the Arents manuscript is in the library of Duke University. His final fair copy of the whole, made specially for Watts-Dunton, was, as we have seen, eventually sold to Wise, and passed with the rest of the Ashley Library to the British Museum. The changes in text to be found in these manuscripts are given in full below.<sup>13</sup>

The present book opens with the prose tale "Henkerwyssel's Challenge," which Rossetti found in *Tales of Chivalry* as a boy and on which he based "Jan Van Hunks." Rossetti, it will be seen, has taken a story which he found presented as a fictitious traveller's tale, seized upon the central dramatic situation, and trimmed that of all irrelevancies. The "journal entry" method of narration, the elaborate descriptions of the narrator, the somewhat forced humour of the comic names—all these are dispensed with. In their place Rossetti gives us a series of remarkably successful "inventions," each of which symbolizes and develops the major irony which underlies the poem. Van Hunks's rejection

12. *ibid.*

13. *v. infra, p. 77.*

of his children's pathetic appeals to his charity, and the death scenes which appear seven times reflected in the magic mirror on the wall, suggest more forcefully than any direct statement that Van Hunks's soul is irretrievably lost and damned long before the devil appears to challenge him to a duel and claim him as his own.

It is an interesting problem in literary detection to try to establish the authorship of *Henkerwyssel's Challenge*. None of the stories which appear in *Tales of Chivalry* is signed, nor is there any indication of where the compiler found them. Despite the title, the range of subjects and periods treated in the two volumes is extraordinary, and the only real unity they can be said to possess lies in the fact that all of the illustrations are the work of one man: Samuel Williams, one of the most prolific illustrators of the eighteen-thirties. By checking the books and magazines to which Williams most frequently contributed, it is possible to run to earth the first appearance of his illustration to "Jan Van Hunks," the frontispiece to the present volume, in the December 2, 1829, issue of *The Olio*, a popular illustrated magazine of the period.

*The Olio*, unlike *Tales of Chivalry*, acknowledged its borrowings. It is therefore an easy matter

from it to trace back *Henkerwyssel's Challenge* to its first appearance in print in the 1830 edition of a now forgotten annual, *The Winter's Wreath*. In this annual, which seems to have been published in November 1829, the story appears over the initials J. R. C. The only contributor to the *Winter's Wreath* with these initials was John Rutter Chorley (1807?–1867), who later became famous as one of the greatest authorities in Europe on the history of the Spanish drama. His magnificent collection of early Spanish plays is now in the British Museum. Chorley had no formal university education, and until he entered the service of the Grand Junction railway, had to support himself as best he might by writing. He was a protégé of Mrs. Hemans, the best-known author to contribute to *Winter's Wreath*, and it may well have been at her suggestion that he first began to write for it.

A comparison of the style of “*Henkerwyssel's Challenge*” with that of the one prose contribution to *Winter's Wreath* which Chorley signed with his full name, a story, “*The Last Interview*,” which appeared in the issue for 1832, leaves little doubt that they are the work of the same author. Perhaps a finally conclusive piece of evidence is that in the same issue another story, “*The Persecuted*,”

is signed with the initials J. R. C., but, in the index of contents, is stated explicitly to be Chorley's work.

It has more than once been wondered whether or not Rossetti was influenced in writing "Jan Van Hunks" by what has been taken to be the traditional South African folk tale of the Table Cloth cloud, which periodically sweeps over Table Mountain, having its origin in a smoking match between the devil and a Dutchman. The very reverse would appear to be true. Although one of the peaks adjacent to Table Mountain has been known as the Devil's Peak ever since the seventeenth century, the "folk tale" of Van Hunks and his smoking match with the devil was not known in South Africa until the publication in 1909, several months after the appearance of "Jan Van Hunks" in the *English Review*, of Ian Colvin's book *South Africa*, which soon became very popular and a favourite "gift book." Even if, as Colvin's editor claims, the relevant chapter had been written before the publication of "Jan Van Hunks," it is more than probable that Colvin, a well-read man, had come across one of William Rossetti's references to the poem and borrowed both the name and the theme for his own purposes. Though the story in its South Afri-

can setting reads pleasantly enough as a “romance of Empire,” it remains a skillfully contrived literary product owing more, it would appear, to Rossetti and to Kipling than to the “folk imagination” of the Cape Malays.<sup>14</sup>

While the association of Van Hunks’s name with the Cape Peninsula would, therefore, appear to be of comparatively recent date, there is little probability that it will disappear. Indeed, even as this Introduction is being finally revised, the *Cape Times* for May 18, 1951, reports that, as part of Cape Town’s Tercentenary celebrations in 1952, a new “fantasy folk opera” by Albert Coates is to be staged, having as its central episode the smoking contest between Van Hunks and the devil.

14. I am grateful to Dr. I. D. du Plessis and Dr. A. J. H. Goodwin, two of the leading authorities on South African folklore, for the interest they have taken in this matter. Both have confirmed the point of view outlined above.

#### NOTE ON THE TEXTS

The text of “Henkerwyssel’s Challenge” is from *The Winter’s Wreath for 1830*, London, 1829, where the story first appeared.

In the collation of the manuscripts, variant readings are given in the order in which Rossetti wrote them. An entry such as the following:

2. *Blew with* > *Twisted*

means that Rossetti originally wrote “Blew with,” and later, in revising the particular manuscript under discussion, deleted the original reading and wrote “Twisted” instead.

The final version of the poem is from the British Museum manuscript, Ashley 3868, not from the corrupted text published by Watts-Dunton and reprinted by T. J. Wise and Mr. Mackenzie Bell.

# *Genkerwyssel's Challenge*

A TALE OF DORDT

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER

I have never been in Dordt; and yet I seem to have in my mind's eye all its principal features: its canals, its quays, its quaint old cathedral, and formal municipal edifices; as though I had been a resident there. Most especially do I know an old narrow house near the bridge, on the right hand of the great canal; and it is to this that my first visit shall be paid, if ever I sail down the Maes. It is asserted, on competent authority, that the Devil is to be seen there, at stated periods.

I cannot easily say how the first communication of this fact consoled and refreshed me. For I am a steady believer in the faith of the good, old, trustful times: and do hold as gospel, the wholesome histories delivered by that founder of our creed,

Dr. Luther, in his *Tischreden*, or Table-talk, and by other weighty authorities, respecting satanic incarnations;—a belief sorely combated by the sceptical moderns. I will relate the manner of my introduction to the above interesting instance, for my own especial oblectation, and to the strengthening of my fellow-believers; if, indeed, there yet survive any such.

I was at Boulogne in the autumn of 17—; living in a retired manner, and not mixing much with the members of the *table d'hôte*: the rather, that my temper, naturally testy, had been rendered unusually irritable by recent vexations. There was, however, one of the company, a middle aged Dutchman, towards whom I felt strongly attached. He was, like myself, a man of sparing conversation and solitary habits, and an exemplary smoker withal. But what entirely won my heart, was his profound conviction of the authenticity of all recorded narrations of ghosts,—fire, water, and land spirits, and of the bodily presence of Beelzebub—not to speak of witches, mermaids, and wild huntsmen. This I discovered by chance. Walking one evening on the Boulevards, I observed him seated, with his never-failing pipe, engaged in the perusal of a promising-looking volume. I ventured, upon the strength of a

slight acquaintance, to enquire the subject of his studies, and was delighted to learn that the worthy man was a reader, and a believer, of that precious ancient, Gervasius Tilburiensis. We were friends in an instant. Before five minutes had elapsed, we were deeply engaged in reciprocal lamentations over the extinction of the pious creed, so worthily set forth in the pages of the venerable chronicler; accompanied with pensive exhalations from our *meerschaums*.

"Woful it is, truly; though not, indeed, surprising," said I, "for this incredulous age rejects the evidence of past worthies, and insists, presumptuously, upon ocular proof."

"It is not proof they lack," ejaculated my companion, "they would dispute facts as notorious as the Reformation; aye, were they to happen under their very eyes."

"Alas, worthy Sir, even these are no longer afforded us:—the spirit of unbelief has laid all others—the very existence of Lucifer himself is doubted in these perilous times!"

"Say you so?" replied my Dutch friend with extraordinary vivacity, "what when he hath been abroad like a raging lion;—and there are yet living those who have seen him in bodily presence?"

“How—where—when?” I eagerly enquired—and the old gentleman, knocking the ashes out of his fourth pipe, indulged my curiosity with the following narrative, ere he proceeded to replenish it.

“It is not twenty years, since one Hans Henkerwyssel, a stranger, arrived in my native city of Dordt, and bought a fair house overlooking the Great Canal, over against the hanging Bridge. He was middle-aged and robust, and seemed to have been a sea-faring man; while, from the situation of his purchase, and the manner of his living, he was conjectured to have wealth. He soon made himself acquaintances in the neighbourhood; but they were principally amongst the wilder and more dissolute of the inhabitants; indeed, the violence of his manners and his habits of profane and irreverent communication, deterred grave and cautious people from his society. And there were noised abroad, from what source, it were hard to say, rumours of an evil nature respecting his former life and conversation;—as though he had been a pirate—or rover—with other tales of like sort. We are, however, an industrious people, and do not much perplex ourselves with the affairs of our neighbours; so that Mynheer Henkerwyssel lived, after his fashion, unmolested, and ere long, almost unnoticed. Now, you must

know; worthy sir, that Hans was a remarkable smoker, (the best gifts may be unworthily bestowed) and took no small pride in exceeding in number of pipes, all those whom he had collected around him, in a sort of club, at the tavern, known by the name of the Three Blue Sausages, on the Boom Quay; although some of his associates were themselves renowned for their devotion to that pleasant herb, tobacco. You will, therefore, conceive that pre-eminence in so weighty a matter of reputation was not conceded to him without some struggle. All his competitors were however silenced, at last, saving one sturdy old *schiffer*, by name Peter Van Funk, captain and owner of the stately and broad-bottomed galliot Die Juffrow Bomsterwyk, engaged in trading between Holland and the Straits. The latter insisted upon a solemn trial of their respective powers, which Hans readily agreed to. The two were plentifully supplied with pipes, Oronooko, and Schiedam; and locked themselves up in a room in the tavern above-mentioned; with the understanding, that he who first gave in, should unclose the door and announce his defeat. It was six of the evening when they began, and those who were parties to the trial awaited the result in vain, until midnight compelled them to depart. On the

following morning they found the doors still closed; nor did they open during the whole of the day; while so earnest were the efforts of Hans and his antagonist, that the magistrates twice sent to enquire if any thing was amiss, that so much smoke issued from Nicholas Verboom's stove. At eleven the same evening, the bystanders could no longer be restrained, and the door was broken open. So soon as the dense atmosphere of the room was sufficiently cleared, by means of bellows and other expedients, to allow objects therein to be discernible, the issue of the contest became apparent enough. Hans, though seemingly unconscious, was still erect in his seat, and stoutly plying the last of all the pipes, which had been left with them to the number of six hundred; whereas Van Funk was taken up insensible from the floor. How long he had lain there was not to be discovered; as he never spoke more, and deceased shortly afterwards. This signal victory established Mynheer Henkerwyssel's pretensions; and he subsequently, at different times testified an unbounded exultation thereupon; truly, an unchristian one, considering the melancholy issue to the unfortunate Van Funk. One evening, in particular, when alluding to it in the presence of sundry compotators, he went so far as to challenge the

Devil himself to surpass him in his favourite occupation; an ill-advised boast, seeing that the latter may be said, as it were, to live in smoke all his days. And therewith he uttered many strange and fearful sayings, which I have heard, but will not repeat. “Have a care, Bruder Hans,” said one of his comrades, who, although rude, were astonished at his extravagant words, “it is said that such jests as these are sometimes recorded!” “Thou art an ass, and a white-livered one, Claus Oldenkel,” replied Hans, “the Devil knows me better, he will try his hand on easier game, and so will I tell him one day;” with several unholy imprecations, which no one cared to answer, but which were recollected afterwards. Some years, however, past away; and the thing seemed to have been forgotten.

Now Henkerwyssel was, as you may believe, a man who cared neither for priest nor prayer-book; —he had more than once evil entreated the Sacristan, who came to solicit the customary offering at Christmas; and had emptied a bowl of punch upon the wig of worthy Doctor Vandegger, when he called to remonstrate with him upon his habits of profane talking. It was, therefore with great wonder and some fear that the good man received, one cold November morning, an eager entreaty, from

Hans' only domestic, that he would come to her master without loss of time. "But, my worthy woman," exclaimed the divine from the window, "what can I do for your master,—will not the affair rest for a matter of two hours? it lacks full so much of mine accustomed hour of uprising." "Alack, your reverence, I wot not what is the matter;—there have been such noises in his chamber all night as have well nigh crazed me with fear; and there has been a strange man sitting with Mynheer—though how he entered, the Lord alone knows; sure am I, that he came not in at the door, nor in any Christian fashion!—for the love of goodness, your reverence, come down without delay,—it is a case requiring a weight of divinity to master, for such cries as Mynheer hath uttered these two hours past are not like the sounds of any earthly evil!" Upon this, the good divine arose as speedily as his bulk would allow, and proceeded to Henkerwyssel's house. All was silent as he ascended the staircase; and he began to feel alarmed lest his intrusion might be resented by so violent a man as Hans, thinking it possible that the servant had been needlessly frightened by the uproar of some nocturnal debauch. However, at her pressing instances he opened the chamber door. There were truly two persons in the

apartment. The master of the house was sitting upright, as usual, with his pipe between his lips, but they were withered into a ghastly expression; his eyes, which were wide open, were staring and glassy—the man was plainly dead. At his side sat a little old man, dressed in grey, with large bright eyes, and a smile, which, it seemed to the divine, had something inexpressibly fearful in it, upon his shrivelled brown face. He arose, however, and saluted the Doctor courteously.

“Good Morrow, Mynheer Vandegger; pity, that you have left a warm bed upon a fool’s errand; you are too late; friend Hans has, as you see, departed, without benefit of clergy!”

The divine felt a strange fear creeping over him; but replied, as boldly as he might, “How died this unhappy man?—why have you not called earlier for assistance?”

The little old man laughed bitterly. “Faith, your reverence, I have done passing well without any help; my old friend must needs smoke with me, and you see he is taking a nap after it,—Have you any commands for him when he wakes? Stay, *you* shall not lack a whiff this raw morning,” taking from his lips the pipe and putting it into the Doctor’s hand. His fingers mechanically closed upon it, but

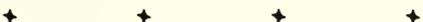
he relaxed his grasp in an instant with a cry of pain,—it was scorching hot! The little man laughed a second time. “Your reverence, it seems, does not like my pipe as well as Bruder Hans—once more, any commands? I shall be with him as soon as he awakes.” Poor Vandegger now groaned and gasped for breath; and had barely spirit enough left to stammer out; “I do not understand you, sir,—the wretched man is dead!”

The old man coolly replied, “It is quite simple;” making a significant gesture with his finger downwards, “perhaps, however, your reverence will wait until you meet him there. I have no objection.” This was too much for the affrighted *Dominie*, he turned round and rushed headlong down stairs, while the same dreadful laugh, sounding behind him for a third time, added wings to his speed. When the neighbours entered the house in the morning, no trace was seen either of the body of Hans, or of his stranger guest,—only there was found in the room where he had last been, a pipe of a curious construction, and a heap of ashes. The house has since been untenanted; no one dares to inhabit it; and grave and godly men have averred that, once every year, on the same night that Hans died, or whenever a vessel from Virginia is wrecked

on the perilous sands at Goree, a light appears in the windows of Henkerwyssel's chamber, and there may be seen the little old man and Hans smoking together, from ten of the night, until the first cock-crowing—I have myself seen the light more than once." Here my narrator paused; and, lighting his pipe, puffed away in meditative silence.

I was overjoyed with this veracious history; and, in subsequent interviews with the worthy Dutchman, obtained other particulars respecting the circumstances connected with it, and many interesting details relative to his native city. I will certainly visit it the first possible opportunity.

Sept. 16, 17—.



Since writing the above, I have journeyed to Dordt. It was on a fine spring morning that the packet boat which brought me from Rotterdam entered the harbour; it was also market day, and the numerous boats of the country people laden with provisions, the bustle upon the quays, and the arrival of several vessels from foreign voyages, gave uncommon liveliness to the scene. But this attracted me not. My first care, on landing, was to visit the house, already well known, by description, as the

scene of the foregoing narrative. It is indeed standing; but, alas, for my disappointment! I found it occupied by a thriving dealer in marine stores, who had never heard of Hans and his guest; and who did not believe one word of the whole story respecting them, which I was at the pains of relating to him *tout du long*. I am a mortified and ill-used man, and will never put faith in Dutchman more!

J. R. C.

*June 12, 181—.*

## The Dutchman's Wager

FROM THE DUKE MS.

The following prose passage seems to have been intended as an epigraph:

“Well, well,” said the Major resuming his pipe, whence the vapour issued like a sigh for human incredulity; “you need not believe it, but it has all the elements of belief. For was it not told to some one who told it to me; & have I not now told it to you; and will not you in your turn tell it again?”

[ 1 ]

Full of smoke is the queer old room  
And of pleasant winter-heat:  
Whence you might hear the hall-door's slap  
And the wary shuffling of feet  
Which from the carpeted floor stept out  
Into the ice-paved street.

[ 2 ]

Van Hunks was laughing in his paunch:  
Five silver pieces fair  
Lay in his hand. With neighbour Spratz  
He had smoked for a wager there;  
He laughed, and from his neighbour's pipe  
He looked to his neighbour's chair.

[ 3 ]

And while he laughed, the evening shades  
Grew stealthily and spread;  
Till the smoky clouds walled up the sun  
And hid his shining head,  
As though he too had his evening pipe  
Before he tumbled to bed.

---

[x] 1. is >was.

Then once more from the bowl the smoke  
Blew with a silver chain,  
Just like a drowsy poet's thoughts  
That jostle in his brain,  
Quarreling each for the precedence,  
And none to be found again.

One by one the hours went on  
As the clock gave them out,  
Till the tongue of the midnight bell was loosed  
With a timid kind of shout,  
As knowing it would be bullied and jeered  
By the echoes thereabout.

[ 4 ]

Van Hunks was fond of the midnight bell,  
It caused him a secret grin  
When shutter and blind shook in the wind  
With that teeth-chattering din,  
To fancy the many who froze without  
While he sat thawing within.

---

[3] 2. Blew with) Twisted.

3. Opening words originally: "Like the thoughts."  
Altered immediately to: Just like, etc.

[ 6 ]

“These thirty years,” then said Van Hunks,  
    “I have smoked both night & day;  
But of all the wagers on my pipe  
    Had never a doit to pay,  
For still in the end my vapouring foe  
    Has sickly sneaked away.

[ 7 ]

Ah! could I still find anyone  
    Who knew me not too well,  
And worthy to try his chance with me  
    After the midnight bell,  
He should be welcome, though he came  
    From the smoking-crib of Hell.”

[ 8 ]

The words had scarcely ceased,—his breath  
    Still mingling with the smoke,—

*End of Original Ms.*

The two following stanzas and their heading are  
in Rossetti's later hand:

(*For the End*)

[ 43 ]

"Ah! I forgot! My pipe's worn out—  
    You're seasoned—you'll just do."  
He flung him into a knot of fiends  
    Black yellow red & blue.  
I've brought a pipe for my private use,  
    Just trim it, some of you!"

[ 44 ]

They've sliced the very crown from his head  
    (Worse tonsure than a monk's),  
Lopped arms & legs, stuck a red hot tube  
    In his wretchedest of trunks;  
And when the Devil wants his pipe  
    They bring him Jan Van Hunks.

---

[43] 1. *I forgot* he said.  
3. *He* Then.  
5. *I've brought*: the original reading, which was  
changed immediately, was "Here's a pi."



## *The Arentz Ms.*

*Note:* On the inside cover of the notebook which contains this version of the poem, William Michael Rossetti wrote and initialled the following comment, dating it 1905:

The principal content of this book is Gabriel's poem of The Dutchman's Pipe (or Jan Van Hunks), begun towards 1847, & then nearly completed: he took it up in the last few weeks of his life, finished it, & presented the complete MS. to Theodore Watts-Dunton—The MS. in this book is of his closing weeks—There is also the draft of a letter (possibly the very last that he wrote) to Ernest Chesneau—& of another letter to some Picture-buyer, I know not whom—Thus this book may be regarded as the last specimen of his handwriting, of any consecutive length—The Dutchman's Pipe remains as yet unpublished.

The letters to Chesneau and to the picture buyer contain no reference to “Jan Van Hunks.” The poem is given in the order of the notebook, each page of facsimile facing the printed transcript; the changes made by the poet are indicated at the foot of each page of text. The stanzas are numbered as they appear in the final fair copy in the British Museum, for convenience in comparing the earlier with the last version.





[ 19 ]

The window stood to the street  
With shutters strongly barred—  
A timid knock was heard without  
And another afterward  
But both so low & faint & weak  
That the casement never jarred

[ 20 ]

And weak the voice that came with the knock  
O father pity & hear  
Twas goodly wealth you would have me wed  
But the wife I chose was dear  
And she & my babes crave only bread  
O father pity & hear.

[ 21 ]

Van Hunks looked after the feathered smoke  
What thing so slight & vain  
Why pride whose plume is torn in the wind  
And joy befould with pain  
Then loud: Thou mindst when I bade thee gone  
Poor fool you hence again!

---

[19] 1. "chamber" inserted before "window."

3. Altered to: There came a timid knock without.

[20] 2. O>My.      2. *pity & hear>lend your ear.*

[21] 3. Why>so.

4. Altered to: And joy's rash flight to pain.

W. M. Rosette  
from Gabriel's Books.  
1889

Then back - Home as I do & when  
I leave them alone -  
the poor fool so heart afain

*Chamber  
Kings*

The wind is strong & the streets  
are being swept as strongly by the  
strong winds & now it is blowing with  
such violence that it is difficult to stand

Bent both so low & front &  
that the carmen were  
weak

And weak the voice that came  
with the bright  
of father ~~for~~<sup>it</sup> you can  
was really ~~well~~<sup>strong</sup> in your words  
that you had been my wed.

But the wife I chose was clear  
And the 9 tiny babies craved  
One breast &  
I father forty & hear-

John Hunter looked after the  
Wreck Aug 10 <sup>gathered</sup> ~~gathered~~ <sup>in</sup> the  
~~body~~<sup>parts</sup> of the whale whose plumb is torn  
And joys before <sup>the</sup> Tommorrow  
task of getting <sup>out</sup> the pieces

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[19] 1. "chamber" inserted before "window."

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[20] 2. O>My. 2. pity & hear>lend your ear.

[21] 3. Why>so.

4. Altered to: And joy's rash flight to pain.

Then ~~came~~<sup>Came</sup> a moon to sleep  
Then ~~would~~<sup>would</sup> be foot on the  
aroma ~~crumpling~~<sup>lighted</sup> room.

A frost to the frosty sky,-  
O father ~~we~~<sup>I</sup> all are dying now  
~~and yet~~<sup>and yet</sup> you too must die.  
O on ~~your~~<sup>your</sup> sail, by God's good grace  
Let not then dread hard lie.

Grip well I will, growth the little  
old man  
And in a silvery spirit  
Like a spirit winged up  
Leaped ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> air  
Still twisting higher and  
Wings like the angel  
And still ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> hand the  
his worshipful eye  
Burned with afall desire.

[ 22 ]

Then turned a foot in the crumbling snow,  
A face to the frosty sky,—  
O father we all are dying now  
And yet you too must die.  
O on your soul, to God's good grace,  
Let not this dread hour lie.

[ 23 ]

Gossip well done, quoth the little old man  
And in a silvery spire  
Like a spider's web up leaped the smoke  
Still twisting higher and  
And still at its heart his watchful eye  
Burned with fell desire

---

[22] 1. Altered to: *Then came a moan to the lighted room.*

2. *Face*)*moan.*

3. *we all*)*my loves.*

4. *And yet*)*Father.*

[23] 3. *the*)*his.*

5. *at its heart*)*through its veil.*

"*th*" deleted before "his."

f) women's voice came next  
to the wall -

Father say mother died  
Two 3 months since that you  
dove her forth  
At Father Xands to do.  
How could I care for your puppys  
And part ay on this ~~island~~

For 2 months now I have begged

Father I can go no more.

My mother's blind & deaf on her  
side

But her soul is at Hallowe'en  
And though we're parted on Hallowe'en

We are now on the further shore

Van Houten caught up at  
the end after the Sunday  
crash

Any, go what way you will

of forty & pride in life or death

Let a woman take her fill.

~~had got a tent) shown this or that~~

Mar 5<sup>th</sup>, even take the car to  
the town for a bill.

So we go around still

[ 24 ]

A woman's voice came next to the wall—

Father my mother died,

Twas 3 months since that you drove her forth

At bitter Xmas tide.

How could I care for your proffered gold

And quit my mother's side?

[ 25 ]

For 2 months now I have begged my bread

Father I can no more

My mother's blind & deaf in her grave

But her soul is at Heaven's door

And though we're parted on this side death

We may meet on the further shore.

[ 26 ]

Van Hunks looked after the scudding smoke

Ay, go what way you will

Of folly & pride in life or death

Let a woman take her fill

(And why should)

Mad girl, even take the road you list

So we be asunder still.

---

[26] 1. *looked after* >*laughed up at*.

5. *And why should*: Apparently deleted as soon as written and replaced by "Mad girl" etc.  
*take the road you list* >*choose this road or that*.

Grip well said, the old man  
And mark how the words come here,  
The stroke came <sup>shrieked</sup> ~~spoke~~ <sup>angry</sup>  
~~the~~ <sup>stroke</sup> ~~spoke~~ <sup>angry</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>him</sup>  
In shades of ~~curly~~ <sup>twisted</sup> blue  
And even at heart of the iron  
Two fiery eyes <sup>hot</sup> ~~see~~ <sup>look</sup> through

Above the hearth was a curious frame  
When I small was shown  
There 16 bright moon-shapes each  
A centre rayed like a sun  
And over the ripples in may dwell  
Alas in every one.

No smokless fires appeared therein  
But throned by magic art  
Seven halls & square'd chamber show'd  
The Doll grav'd counterpanes  
For them of slumbering powerfully lay  
With them starred like heat

Z. Clark

[ 27 ]

Gossip well said, the old man cried  
And mark how the words come true  
The smoke soared swiftly above his head  
In snakes of curling blue  
And ever at heart of the inmost coil  
Two fiery eyes shone through

[ 28 ]

Above the hearth was a curious frame  
Where 7 small mirrors shone  
There 6 bright moon-shapes circled round  
A centre rayed like a sun  
And ever the reflex image dwelt  
Alike in every one

[ 29 ]

No smokers' faces appeared therein  
But there by magic art  
Seven times a squalid chamber showed  
The dull grave's counterpart  
For there 2 staring parents lay  
With their starved babes heart to heart.

---

[27] 1. *cried*) *shrieked*.  
3. *above*) *around*.  
4. *curling*) *swirling*) *knotted*.  
6. *shone*) *shot*.

[29] 3. *a*) *one*.

Then changed the scene  
in the water stark

Twist-horned dark & tall  
At the sheep's doff did they follow their  
Ahoe the dark and ~~bare~~  
Had a gird thin from ground ~~thigh~~  
~~Through the other thigh~~  
And went, and that was all.  
And then the smothered bheld and more  
7 times his own hand bare  
Half dead it reared with the sword  
Bast showed no sign of grace  
And of many blaster than ~~long~~  
In the narrow narrow span  
Our forms were as & still they  
W<sup>m</sup> The weapons clashing close  
A barrele toward soldiers stoned  
And the mice <sup>suffocated</sup> ~~caught~~ close  
Ahoe for the shanty blithly  
With the vulgar <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~  
With the vulgar <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~

[ 30 ]

Then changed the scene. In the watered street  
Twixt houses dark & tall  
Like shaggy dogs did the pollards shake  
Above the dark canal  
And a girl's thin form gleamed through the air  
And sank, and that was all.

[ 31 ]

And there the smoker beheld once more  
7 times his own hard face  
Half dazed it seemed with the sudden sights  
But showed no sign of grace  
And 7 times flashed those burning eyes  
In the mirror's narrow space

[ 32 ]

The hours wore on & still they sat  
In the vapours stifling cloud  
One sank towards sodden stupor  
And the other laughed aloud  
Alas for the shrinking blinking owl  
With the vulture over him bowed

---

[30] 5. *through*) *past*) *through*.      5. *air*) *sky*.

[31] 1. *there*) *then*.      5. *burning*) *fiery*.

[32] 2. *In*) *Mid.*

3. Altered to: *The one towards sodden stupor sank.*  
4. *Laughed*) *scoffed*.

Twas the 2<sup>d</sup> night of the waffer  
now

And the mid night hour was  
that of peace <sup>when none</sup> over a hill <sup>near</sup>  
~~and~~ except ~~the~~ <sup>blow</sup>

No gossip of home & old cheer  
But the moan from the Dutchman  
No longer swift & clear

In poor cold room - Please to tell

I was the brother even that spoke.  
From Van Houten's wife <sup>stirring</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> flood  
fitted <sup>could</sup>  
A feet to the ceiling <sup>much</sup>  
As the last <sup>gasp</sup> ~~gloom~~ <sup>now</sup> ere full  
From the distant clock under

The old man offered his coat & <sup>order</sup> ~~crippled~~  
As he spid the chamber door

The frost east now a glaz <sup>in</sup> <sup>50°</sup>  
But crept the polished floor  
To where the Dutchman leaned <sup>on his</sup> <sup>breast</sup>  
Sobbed with a torpid snore.

[ 33 ]

Twas the 2nd night of the wager now  
And the midnight hour was near  
That glance was a kindled cresset turned  
Ha gossip of mine what cheer  
But the smoke from the Dutchman's pipe arose  
No longer swift & clear

[ 34 ]

The door bell rang. Peace to this house  
Twas the Pastor's voice that spoke  
Above Van Hunk's pipe there curled  
A feeble flickering smoke  
As the last quarter ere full midnight  
From the distant clock tower bell.

[ 35 ]

The old man doffed his bonnet & cringed  
As he oped the chamber door  
The priest cast never a glance his way  
But crossed the polished floor  
To where the Dutchman's head on his breast  
Lolloed with a torpid snore

---

[33] 3. *That*: written over another, illegible word.  
      *was* like.      *turned* *blazed*.

[34] 3. *there* *still*.      4. *feeble* *fitful*.  
5. *quarter* *half-hour*.      6. *distant* *booming*.

Megaher gave him and thoughts

He says that day & night me out

You have sat - He shook the

smoking arm

But thank a sudden flight

The arm kept down like a swift

The face was dark & <sup>of lead</sup> white

And now the old man stood aside

And taller he seemed to grow

The pipe still sent fear in the evening

And with victories ~~steps~~ slow

Like living figures seemed to stand

Dr. Thermode creath ~~comes & goes~~ from

May may he said one gospel sits

To contemplation bent

On son & daughter open his mind

In I will help all patient

Happily his instance breaker a prayer

For the midnight hour he spent

[ 36 ]

Myneer your servant sought me out  
He says that day & night  
You have sat—He shook the smoker's arm  
But shrank in sudden fright  
The arm dropt like a weight of lead  
The face was dull and white

[ 37 ]

And now the old man stood astride  
And taller he seemed to grow  
The pipe (still) sat firm in his sneering lips  
And with victorious show  
Like dancing figures around its bowl  
Did the smoke wreaths race & glow

[ 38 ]

Nay nay he said our gossip sits  
To contemplation bent  
On son & daughter afar his mind  
Is doubtless all intent  
Haply his silence breathes a prayer  
Ere the midnight hour be spent.

---

[37] 3. “still” deleted, apparently almost immediately.  
4. show>glow.  
6. race & glow>come & go.

And who art thou? the <sup>music</sup> piper  
With a quav'ring countenance,  
A smoky-dried crying of one <sup>dead</sup> good  
Has kept in <sup>dead</sup> man's balance.  
And his shudder shook the <sup>vaporous</sup> spirits  
To a mad <sup>dead</sup> man's mind.

Hence mocking Foe, for now <sup>the now?</sup>  
The Piker signs the crop  
Then the old man caught <sup>shrieked</sup> & <sup>shrieked</sup> a <sup>man</sup> &  
And over <sup>shrieked</sup> & <sup>shrieked</sup> the  
The midnight hour in the <sup>dark</sup> sleeping  
From hill to hill she <sup>goes</sup>.

To late, Sir Priest, "I the  
So may the <sup>Patron</sup> son  
Cross that, a sword <sup>in</sup> hand  
And when <sup>meant</sup> he <sup>walks</sup>  
Two pipes lay <sup>laid</sup> upon the floor  
And the room was full of smoke.

[ 39 ]

And who art thou? the pastor cried  
With a quailing countenance  
A smoke-dried crony of our good friend  
Here rapt in pious trance  
And his chuckle shook the vaporous sprites  
To a madder merrier dance.

[ 40 ]

Hence mocking fiend, for I know thee now!  
The Pastor signed the cross  
Then the old man laughed & yelled aloud  
And over turret & fosse  
The midnight hour in the sleeping town  
From bell to bell did toss.

[ 41 ]

Too late, Sir Priest! in the Pastor's ear  
So rang the scornful croak  
With that, a swoon closed over his sense  
And when at length he woke  
Two pipes lay broken upon the floor  
And the room was full of smoke.

---

[40] 1. *fiend*) *Fiend*.

3. *yelled*) *shrieked*.

4. *And*) *As*.

[41] 3. *closed*) *fell*.      5. *broken*) *shattered*.

Next how a decept Master sped  
Home to his fay place

A shrieking wretched kny can be back  
As he combe though nothing speen.  
O such a rider on horse a steed  
~~How speach the obeyal~~  
What ~~thou~~ the flight still train?

The ~~lame~~ how they fly in bands off  
In the leach waves.

This play him into a host of friends  
Red yellow green & blue -

He brought a pipe for my friend and  
Sorrow it come of you.

They stand the very crown from  
Was tomorrow than a month <sup>his head</sup>  
Lipped arms & lips stuck a candle  
In her metropolis of London  
And when the Devil wants his pipe  
They bring him Fair Venus Henry

[ 42 ]

That hour a direful Monster sped  
Home to his fiery place  
A shrieking wretch hung over his back  
As he sank through nether space  
Of such a rider on such a steed  
How speak the dreadful case?

[ 43 ]

The Fiend has flung his burden off  
In the horrid retinue  
He's flung him into a knot of fiends  
Red yellow green & blue  
Ive brought a pipe for my private use  
Go trim it some of you.

[ 44 ]

They've sliced the very crown from his head  
Worse tonsure than a monk's  
Lopped arms & legs stuck a red hot tube  
In his wretchedest of trunks  
And when the Devil wants his pipe  
They bring him Jan Van Hunks

---

[42] 6. Altered to: *What tongue the flight shall trace.*  
“Tongue” then deleted and altered to “thought.”  
[43] 1. *Fiend has*)*bearer.*

Full of smoke was the guer  
As of pleasant winter Leah  
Whence you might hear the  
Hall doors slab  
And the wary shuffling of feet  
Which from the carpeted  
Floor stepped out  
In the ice-paved street.  
Tom Hunter was lying in  
his parlour  
Twelve silver pieces rare  
lay in his hand. Little  
A lighted pipe  
He had worked for a year  
there  
He layed it from his neighbour  
He looked at his neighbour  
close

[ 1 ]

Full of smoke was the queer old room  
And of pleasant winter heat  
Whence you might here the hall door slap  
And the wary shuffling of feet  
Which from the carpeted floor stepped out  
Into the ice-paved street

[ 2 ]

Van Hunks was laughing in his paunch  
Twelve silver pieces rare  
Lay in his hand—with neighbour Spratz  
He had smoked for a wager there  
He laughed and from his neighbour's pipe  
He looked to his neighbour's chair

---

[1] 3. *here*: sic. *An obvious slip of the pen.*

Even as he looked the weary  
Meadow  
Rose & suddenly & shamed,  
With the sunbeams closed walls of  
the sun  
And hid his shaggy old head  
At this he too had his errors  
Reproach <sup>of</sup> stumbled to bad  
Van Hunker still chattered on  
He roared  
It caused him one forward giv  
When he heard the blast that  
In shelter of blvd  
With that talk shocking I'd  
To say the way its prop to that  
While he sat the evgj within

[ 3 ]

Even as he looked the evening shades  
Rose stealthily & spread,  
Till the smoky clouds walled up the sun  
And hid his shining old head  
As though he too had his evening pipe  
Before he tumbled to bed

[ 4 ]

Van Hunks still chuckled as he sat  
It caused him an inward grin  
When he heard the blast shake shutter & blind  
With that teeth-chattering din  
To fancy the many who froze without  
While he sat thawing within

---

[4] 4. *that>its.*

This world resists again  
To be puffed.  
No worse than the hollow cedar,  
Saw the trend of failure &  
Died in the street.  
And the ~~bent~~<sup>unfaltering</sup> bony hand  
Wrote upon white trash  
The living shade  
Up leaped the flying mackerel  
For thirty years the Detached  
I have watched both night &  
Day  
I've had great dangers &  
~~day~~<sup>and</sup> nights  
Not never lost one safely  
For my surfaces poor long  
On the lake  
Have all reached safety.

[ 5 ]

His bowl restuffed again he puffed  
No noise the stillness broke  
Save the tread of feet here and there in the street  
And the house clock's hourly stroke  
While silver white through the evening shade  
Up leaped the flying smoke

[ 6 ]

For thirty years the Dutchman said  
I have smoked both night (&) day  
I've laid great wagers on my pipe  
But never had once to pay  
For my vapouring foes long ere the close  
Have all sneaked sickly away

6

---

[5] 4. *house clock's\churchbell's.*

Ah woud that I could  
find but one  
Who knew Q. and L. well  
To try his chance against me  
After the wodz tell  
Even though he came to challenge  
From the dusky cisl of Hell.  
His breath still tinged with  
air  
And lippes might with the  
smoke  
When he was aware of a tooth  
to bind him to a steue  
Who looked as high from a  
cragg ship  
That his boat he had won.

[ 7 ]

Ah would that I could find but one  
Who knew me not too well  
To try his chance against me  
After the evening bell  
Even though he came to challenge me  
From the smoking crib of Hell

[ 8 ]

His breath still lingered on the air  
And lingered with the smoke  
When he was aware of a little old man  
In broidered hosen & tocque  
Who looked as though from a century's sleep  
That instant he had woke

---

[7] 2. *me*: originally written "my."

[8] 2. *lingered*) mingled.

Small to scan was the  
litter old men  
Draping over all & scan  
That a something lurking about  
Felt strongly ~~the~~ <sup>through his</sup> sursum  
Which made ~~the~~ fear the  
Whirlwind <sup>his</sup> arrival  
When coming was so certain -  
With cap on head the ~~old~~ <sup>stranger</sup>  
~~man~~ bowed  
To all the feather except his  
<sup>hand</sup> ~~hand~~  
A soft voice was yours he said  
And I come to ~~thee~~ <sup>thee</sup> you -  
With good grasps you & I  
Let us waken & talk so .

[ 9 ]

Small to scan was the little old man  
Passing small & lean  
But a something lurked about him  
Felt strongly but unseen  
Which made him fear the hidden soul  
Whose covering was so lean

[ 11 ]

With cap in hand the old man bowed  
Till the feather swept his shoe  
A noble wish was yours he said  
And I come to humour you  
We're goodly gossips you & I  
Let us wager & fall to

---

[9] 3. *But*)*yet.*      4. *but*)*though.*

5. *him*)*you.*      6. *lean*)*mean.*

[11] 1. *old man*)*stranger.*

4. *humour*)*pleasure.*

Mr Dutcher stand. How here  
you can  
Is nothing to see he said  
A saying I ought to make without  
Having words here well be weighed.  
But tell me what shall the eyes be  
~~By your last~~<sup>long delivery</sup> people say?  
The story of our fathers  
Nay now the old man said ~~that~~  
How we for a golden stake?  
What more do we ask but human span  
To keep our hopes awake?  
And yet some bold twist and  
Might stand <sup>so</sup> for this is a wise sake,  
This is our bond. 2 midnights  
The form of our wife shall  
And who succeeds to the other then  
Shall assert <sup>for</sup> the victory  
At the river ~~and~~ must <sup>have</sup> cross  
This hospitally.

[ 12 ]

The Dutchman stared How here you came  
Is nothing to me he said  
A stranger I sought to smoke withal  
And my words have well been weighed  
But tell me what shall the wager be  
By our high hopes assayed."

[ 13 ]

Nay now the old man said What need  
Have we for a golden stake?  
What more do we ask but honour's spur  
To keep our hopes awake?  
And yet some bond twixt our goodwills  
Must stand for the wager's sake

[ 14 ]

This be our bond. 2 Midnights hence  
The term of our strife shall be  
And whichsoe'er to the other then  
Must yield the victory  
At the victor's hand must needs accept  
His hospitality.

---

[12] 6. *By our high hopes*)*By our two selves*)*Between our pipes.*

[14] 4. *Must*)*Shall.*  
5. *hand*)*hest.*

Done done The Darkman  
cried, - for you be home  
I have it not far or near  
But I not my hus<sup>band</sup> in my hood  
hip  
And fair you shall <sup>be</sup> my home  
And many a time again will we  
For the suffice wife cheer  
With that they lit their pipes  
& smoked  
And said a word they said  
The dark cloud gathered above  
High over each under around her  
As of by the veil of some <sup>dark</sup> cloud  
They all in a <sup>dark</sup> confused  
Doubt now  
Then <sup>then</sup> a great blast shook the  
And the Darkman <sup>heart</sup> laughed to him:  
If only this night could be gained  
To sit in our own home  
Since the <sup>right</sup> of the dark cloud  
Shall the <sup>old</sup> face be  
Shall the waters on the ocean

[ 15 ]

Done done the Dutchman cried,—for your home  
I know it not, far or near  
But I set my trust in my good pipe  
And tis you shall sojourn here  
And many a time again we'll meet  
For the smoker's merry cheer.

[ 16 ]

With that they lit their pipes & smoked  
And never a word they said  
The dark cloud gathered above them there  
High over each smoke crowned head  
As if by the veil of some secret thing  
They sat encompassed

[ 17 ]

Twas then a great blast shook the house  
And the Dutchman laughed & spoke  
If ought this night could be devised  
To sweeten our cosy smoke  
Twere the thought of the outcast loons who freeze  
Neath the winter's bitter yoke

---

[15] 1. *home*:—Another word was started, perhaps  
“crib,” but only three letters were written.

3. Altered to: *But in my good pipe I set my trust.*  
5. Altered to: *we'll meet again.* 6. *merry*) *welcome.*

[17] 1. *Twas then*) *But now.*

I more know

As if the stranger did lie  
so much

The dire extremes of heat

And like yourself I was ~~now~~  
now much

And friendless in my foreign street

Broke Joseph, you & I! <sup>Pray</sup> Pray  
What now comes when the day is past?

What then a doubt that

~~had~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~and~~ ~~year~~, it had

As his love that loves him? -

What light on joy that could kindle so

The joyful face on his fair

Through the sneering trials crowded

And the laughter over his lips

over his lips

[ 18 ]

Gossip the stranger said I've watched  
The dire extremes of heat  
And like yourself I have seen men shrink  
And round their sufferings sweet  
Brave gossips you & I! But hark  
What sound comes from the street?

[ 10 ]

Had thunder come there, it had  
On his brow that lowering trace?—  
What lightning that could kindle so  
The fitful glare on his face  
Though the sneering smile coursed over his lips  
And the laughter rose apace?

---

[18] 1. Altered to: *The stranger said I most have watched.*

[10] 1. Altered to: *What thunder dwelt there that had.*  
*In either version the line is incomplete.*



## *Revisions in fair-copying*

As mentioned in the Introduction, Rossetti made two fair copies of "Jan Van Hunks," one partial, the other complete. In the following section, A is the Arents MS., D the fair copy of stanzas 19 to 44 in the Duke University Library, and F the final fair copy in the British Museum. Changes in punctuation have not been listed, since to Rossetti this was a matter of completely secondary importance.

### THE FIRST FAIR COPY

In every instance save those in stanza 43, Rossetti has first retained, and then later altered in pencil the final reading of the Arents MS. Stanza 22 Rossetti at first omitted, but later he added it, also in pencil, in the left margin and at the top of the page on which this fair copy begins.

[25] 6. A: *other*.

D: *other*)*further*.

[27] 3. A: *swiftly*.

D: *swiftly*›*wildly*.

[29] 1. A: *therein*.

D: *therein*›*there now*.

2. A: *there*.

D: *there*›*lo!*

[30] 2. A: *dark*.

D: *dark*›*dim*.

5. A: *air*.

D: *air*›*night*.

[31] 5. A: *those*.

D: *those*›*two*.

[32] 4. A: *And*.

D: *While*.

[34] 3. A: *pipe*.

D: *pipe*›*head*.

[41] 1. A: *Sir*.

D: *Sir*›*poor*.

[42] 1. After examining the Duke MS., the present editor does not agree with Professor Baum in reading “Master” for “Monster.” In Rossetti’s later hand the two words are almost indistinguishable.

[43] 1. A: *flung*.

D: *shook*.

2. A: *In the horrid retinue*.

D: *As he reached his retinue*;

THE FINAL FAIR COPY

Except where otherwise indicated below, Rossetti, in this final version of the poem, retained all the alterations listed above as appearing in the first fair copy of stanzas 19 to 44. Stanzas 4 and 10 were originally omitted, but were later added on the verso of ff. 1 and 2, in pencil and in ink respectively.

- [1] 1. A: *queer*.  
*F: quaint.*
- [2] 2. A: *Twelve silver*.  
*F: Twelve silver>Ten golden.*
- [3] 5. A: *had*.  
*F: had>took.*
- [5] 5. A: *evening shade*.  
*F: deepening shade>deepening dusk.*
- [10] 1. A: *that had*.  
*F: that had cast>which had left.*  
3. A: *that*.  
*F: that>which.*
- [11] 3. A: *noble*.  
*F: gallant.*
- [12] 4. A: *And my words have well been weighed*.  
*F: And my wish is seconded;*

5. A: *shall*.  
F: *should*.

6. A: *Between our pipes*.  
F: *By our two pipes*) *By these our pipes*.

[14] 4. A: *Must*.  
F: *Shall*.

[15] 1. A: *for your home*.  
F: *for your home*) *your home*.  
2. A: *I know it not far or near*.  
F: *I know it not*, ) *I'd seek!—be it*) *I'd reach—be it*.

[16] 3. A: *dark*.  
F: *dark*) *dense*.  
5. A: *by the veil*.  
F: *by the veil*) *with the mesh*.

[17] 1. A: *But now*.  
F: “when” inserted above line to follow “now.”  
2. A: *And the Dutchman laughed*.  
F: *And the Dutchman laughed*) *The Dutchman paused*.  
4. A: *cosy*.  
F: *cosy*) *glorious*.

[18] 1. A: *said*.  
F: *said*) *laughed*.  
3. A: *And like yourself I have seen men shrink*,  
F: *And like yourself I have seen men shrink*,)  
*Ay, more than you, I have seen men quail*,

5. A: *Brave gossips, you & I! But hark!*

F: *Originally as in A. Changes in MS: Brave* Fit.

*you and I!* are we both *you and I.*

[19] 1. A: *The chamber window stood to the street.*

F: *To the street the chamber-window stood,*

[23] 4. A: *higher and.*

F: *higher and higher;*

Professor Paull F. Baum, in his book on the Duke University Library Rossetti MSS. cited in the Introduction, has the following collation for this stanza:

23.4. A-twisting) Still twisting.

“A-twisting” is one of the editorial corruptions perpetrated by Watts-Dunton that both Wise and Mackenzie Bell allowed to stand. Both A and F read, identically, “Still twisting.” Other instances in which the editorial slovenliness of Watts-Dunton and Wise has misled Professor Baum into believing that the Duke fair copy differs from the final version of the poem are the variant readings he notes for the following lines (I retain Professor Baum’s system of numbering): 24.4, 25.3, 26.5, 27.5, 27.6, 29.4, 30.1, 32.2, 34.2, 38.2, 39.1, 39.2, 39.3, 40.1, 40.2, 40.3, 43.3.

[27] 1. A: *said.*

*D: said.*

*F: done.*

[29] 2. A: *there.*

*D: there>lo!*

*F: there>lo!*

[32] 4. A: *laughed>scoffed.*

*D: scoffed.*

*F: laughed.*

[37] 1. A: *old man.*

*D: old man.*

*F: old man>stranger.*

[41] 6. A: *full of.*

*D: full of.*

*F: full of>black with.*

[42] 6. A: *tongue>thought.*

*D: tongue.*

*F: tongue.*

## The final Poem

FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM MS.

[ 1 ]

Full of smoke was the quaint old room  
And of pleasant winter-heat;  
Whence you might hear the hall-door slap,  
And the wary shuffling of feet  
Which from the carpeted floor stepped out  
Into the ice-paved street.

[ 2 ]

Van Hunks was laughing in his paunch;  
Ten golden pieces rare  
Lay in his hand; with neighbour Spratz  
He had smoked for a wager there.  
He laughed, and from his neighbour's pipe  
He looked to his neighbour's chair.

[ 3 ]

Even as he laughed, the evening shades  
Rose stealthily and spread,  
Till the smoky clouds walled up the sun  
And hid his shining old head,  
As though he too had his evening pipe  
Before he tumbled to bed.

[ 4 ]

Van Hunks still chuckled as he sat:  
It caused him an inward grin,  
When he heard the blast shake shutter & blind  
With its teeth-chattering din,  
To fancy the many who froze without  
While he sat snug within.

[ 5 ]

His bowl restuffed, again he puffed:  
No noise the stillness broke  
Save the tread of feet here and there in the street,  
And the church-bells hourly stroke;  
While silver-white through the deepening dusk  
Up leaped the rapid smoke.

[ 6 ]

“For thirty years,” the Dutchman said,  
I have smoked both night and day;  
I’ve laid great wagers on my pipe  
But never had once to pay,  
For my vapouring foes long ere the close  
Have all sneaked sickly away.

[ 7 ]

“Ah! would that I could find but one  
Who knew me not too well  
To try his chance against me  
After the evening bell,  
Even though he came to challenge me  
From the smoking-crib of Hell!”

[ 8 ]

His breath still lingered on the air  
And mingled with the smoke,  
When he was aware of a little old man  
In broidered hosen and tocque,  
Who looked as though from a century’s sleep  
That instant he had woke.

[ 9 ]

Small to scan was the little old man  
Passing small and lean;  
Yet a something lurked about him,  
Felt strongly though unseen,  
Which made you fear the hidden soul  
Whose covering was so mean.

[ 10 ]

What thunder dwelt there, which had left  
On his brow that lowering trace,—  
What lightning, which could kindle so  
The fitful glare on his face,—  
Though the sneering smile coursed over his lips,  
And the laughter rose apace.

[ 11 ]

With cap in hand the stranger bowed  
Till the feather swept his shoe:—  
“A gallant wish was yours,” he said,  
“And I come to pleasure you:  
We’re goodly gossips, you and I,—  
Let us wager and fall to.”

## [ 12 ]

The Dutchman stared. ‘‘How here you came  
 Is nothing to me,’’ he said;  
 ‘‘A stranger I sought to smoke withal,  
 And my wish is seconded;  
 But tell me, what should the wager be,  
 By these our pipes assay’d?’’

## [ 13 ]

‘‘Nay now,’’ the old man said, ‘‘what need  
 Have we for a golden stake  
 What more do we ask but honour’s spur  
 To keep our hopes awake?  
 And yet some bond ’twixt our goodwills  
 Must stand for the wager’s sake.

## [ 14 ]

‘‘This be our bond:—two midnights hence  
 The term of our strife shall be;  
 And whichsoe’er to the other then  
 Shall yield the victory,  
 At the victor’s hest must needs accept  
 His hospitality.’’

[ 15 ]

“Done, done!” the Dutchman cried; your home,  
I’d reach be it far or near;  
But in my good pipe I set my trust,  
And ’tis you shall sojourn here;—  
Here many a time we’ll meet again  
For the smokers’ welcome cheer.

[ 16 ]

With that, they lit their pipes and smoked,  
And never a word they said:  
The dense cloud gathered about them there  
High over each smoke-crowned head,  
As if with the mesh of some secret thing  
They sat encompassed.

[ 17 ]

But now when a great blast shook the house,  
The Dutchman paused and spoke:—  
“If ought this night could be devised  
To sweeten our glorious smoke,  
’Twere the thought of the outcast loons who freeze  
’Neath the winter’s bitter yoke.”

[ 18 ]

The stranger laughed: "I most have watched  
The dire extremes of heat,  
Ay, more than you, I have seen men quail,  
And found their sufferings sweet  
Fit gossips, you and I! But hark!  
What sound comes from the street?"

[ 19 ]

To the street the chamber window stood,  
With shutters strongly barred.  
There came a timid knock without  
And another afterward;  
But both so low and faint and weak  
That the casement never jarred.

[ 20 ]

And weak the voice that came with the knock:—  
"My father, lend your ear!  
'Twas store of gold that you bade me wed,  
But the wife I chose was dear;  
And she and my babes crave only bread.  
O father, pity and hear!"

[ 21 ]

Van Hunks looked after the feathered smoke:—  
“What thing so slight and vain  
As pride whose plume is torn in the wind  
And joy’s rash flight to pain?”  
Then loud: “Thou mindst when I bad thee hence,—  
Poor fool, go hence again!”

[ 22 ]

There came a moan to the lighted room,  
A moan to the frosty sky:—  
“O father, my loves are dying now,—  
Father, you too must die.  
Oh! on your soul, by God’s good grace  
Let not this dread hour lie!”

[ 23 ]

“Gossip, well done!” quoth the little old man;  
And in a silvery spire,  
Like a spider’s web up leaped his smoke  
Still twisting higher and higher;  
And still through the veil his watchful eye  
Burned with a fell desire.

[ 24 ]

A woman's voice came next to the wall:—

“Father, my mother died:

'Twas three months since that you drove her forth

At bitter Christmastide:

How could I care for your proffered gold

And quit my mother's side?

[ 25 ]

“For two months now I have begged my bread;

Father, I can no more:

My mother's blind and deaf in her grave,

But her soul is at Heaven's door;

And though we're parted on this side death,

We may meet on the further shore.”

[ 26 ]

Van Hunks laughed up at the scudding smoke:—

“Ay, go what way you will!

Of folly and pride, in life and death,

Let a woman take her fill!

Mad girl, even choose this road or that,

So we be asunder still!”

[ 27 ]

“Gossip, well done!” the old man shrieked,  
“And mark how the words come true!”  
The smoke soared wildly around his head  
    In snakes of knotted blue;  
And ever at heart of the inmost coil  
    Two fiery eyes shot through.

[ 28 ]

Above the hearth was a carven frame  
    Where seven small mirrors shone;  
There six bright moon-shapes circled round  
    A centre rayed like a sun;  
And ever the reflex image dwelt  
    Alike in every one.

[ 29 ]

No smokers’ faces appeared there now;  
    But lo! by magic art,  
Seven times one squalid chamber showed  
    The dull graves’ counterpart;  
For there two starving parents lay  
    With their starved babes heart to heart.

[ 30 ]

Then changed the scene. In the watered street,  
'Twixt houses dim and tall,  
Like shaggy dogs did the pollards shake  
Above the dark canal;  
And a girl's thin form gleamed through the night  
And sank; and that was all.

[ 31 ]

And there the smoker beheld once more  
Seven times his own hard face;  
Half-dazed it seemed with the sudden sights,  
But it showed no sign of grace;  
And seven times flashed two fiery eyes  
In the mirror's narrow space.

[ 32 ]

The hours wore on, and still they sat  
'Mid the vapour's stifling cloud;  
The one tow'rds sodden stupor sank,  
While the other laughed aloud.  
Alas for the shrinking blinking owl  
With the vulture over him bowed!

[ 33 ]

'Twas the second night of the wager now,  
And the midnight hour was near.  
That glance like a kindled cresset blazed:—  
“Ho! gossip of mine, what cheer?”  
But the smoke from the Dutchman's pipe arose  
No longer swift and clear.

[ 34 ]

The door-bell rang: “Peace to this house!”—  
'Twas the Pastor's voice that spoke.  
Above Van Hunks's head still curled  
A fitful flickering smoke,  
As the last half-hour ere full midnight  
From the booming clock-tower broke.

[ 35 ]

The old man doffed his bonnet and cringed  
As he oped the chamber-door;  
The priest cast never a glance his way,  
But crossed the polished floor  
To where the Dutchman's head on his breast  
Lolloed with a torpid snore.

[ 36 ]

“Mynheer, your servant sought me out;  
    He says that day and night  
You have sat”—he shook the smoker’s arm,  
    But shrank in sudden fright;  
The arm dropped down like a weight of lead,  
    The face was dull and white.

[ 37 ]

And now the stranger stood astride,  
    And taller he seemed to grow:  
The pipe sat firm in his sneering lips,  
    And with victorious glow  
Like dancing figures around its bowl  
    Did the smoke-wreaths come and go.

[ 38 ]

“Nay, nay,” he said, “our gossip sits  
    To contemplation bent;  
On son and daughter afar, his mind  
    Is doubtless all intent;  
Haply his silence breathes a prayer  
    Ere the midnight hour be spent.”

[ 39 ]

“And who art thou?” the Pastor cried  
With a quaking countenance.  
“A smoke-dried crony of our good friend  
Here rapt in pious trance.”  
And his chuckle shook the vaporous sprites  
To a madder, merrier dance.

[ 40 ]

“Hence, mocking Fiend, for I know thee now!”  
The Pastor signed the cross,  
Then the old man laughed and shrieked at once,  
As over turret and fosse  
The midnight hour in the sleeping town  
From bell to bell did toss.

[ 41 ]

“Too late, poor priest!” In the Pastor’s ear  
So rang the scornful croak.  
With that, a swoon fell over his sense;  
And when at length he woke,  
Two pipes lay shattered upon the floor,  
And the room was black with smoke.

[ 42 ]

That hour a direful Monster sped  
Home to his fiery place;  
A shrieking wretch hung over his back  
As he sank through nether space.  
Of such a rider on such a steed  
What tongue the plight shall trace?

[ 43 ]

The bearer shook his burthen off  
As he reached his retinue:  
He's flung him into a knot of fiends  
Red, yellow, green and blue:—  
“I've brought a pipe for my private use,—  
Go trim it, some of you!”

[ 44 ]

They've sliced the very crown from his head,—  
Worse tonsure than a monk's,—  
Lopped arms and legs,—stuck a red-hot tube  
In his wretchedest of trunks;  
And when the Devil wants his pipe,  
They bring him Jan Van Hunks.

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